

MARVEL

022

AARON
MOLINA
MILLA

STAR WARS®



MARVEL

022

VARIANT
EDITION

STAR WARS



RATED T
\$3.99US
DIRECT EDITION
MARVEL.COM

7

59606-08113
02231

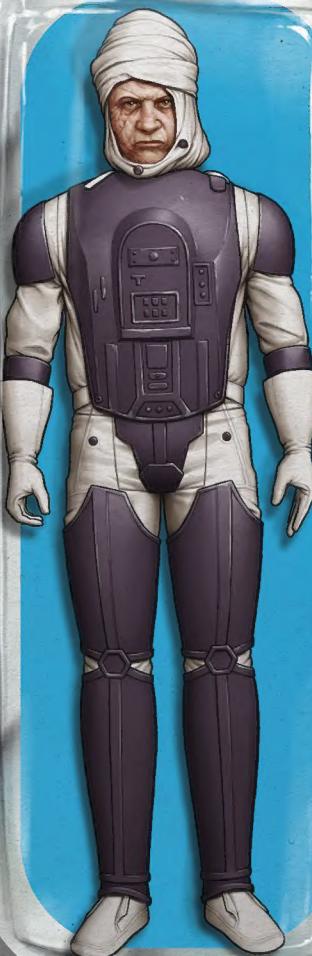
02231

022 | VARIANT
EDITION
RATED T
\$3.99US
DIRECT EDITION
MARVEL.COM

MARVEL

STAR WARS®

Dengar



THE LAST FLIGHT OF THE HARBINGER

It is a time of renewed hope for the Rebel Alliance as heroic Rebel soldiers strive to undermine Imperial forces throughout the galaxy. The Galactic Empire continues to hold their domination and has doubled its efforts to eliminate and crush any who would stand against its rule.

The fighting is as fierce as ever, as the Rebellion is forced to contend with the ruthless might of the Empire and its elite stormtrooper squad led by the unrelenting Sargent Kreef.

Even in face of such overwhelming power, the rebel spirit refuses to be broken. The Alliance puts its trust in its own heroes, pilot Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia, and smuggler-turned-soldier Han Solo, believing that they can lead the way to victory....

JASON
AARON
Writer

MIKE DEODATO
& FRANK MARTIN
Cover

C.B.
CEBULSKI
Executive Editor

JORGE
MOLINA
Artist

HEATHER ANTOS
Assistant Editor

AXEL
ALONSO
Editor In Chief

MATT
MILLA
Colorist

JOE
QUESADA
Chief Creative Officer

VC's JOE
CARAMAGNA
Letterer

JORDAN D. WHITE
Editor

DAN
BUCKLEY
Publisher

For Lucasfilm:

Creative Director MICHAEL SIGLAIN

Senior Editor FRANK PARISI

Lucasfilm Story Group RAYNE ROBERTS, PABLO HIDALGO,
LELAND CHEE, MATT MARTIN

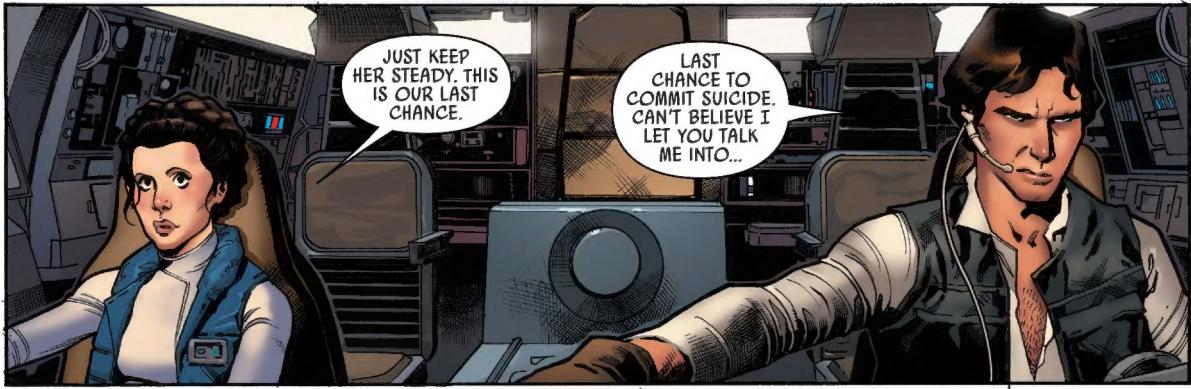


RED SQUADRON, THIS IS THE FALCON. I'M MAKING ANOTHER RUN AT IT.

SOMEBODY GET THESE TIES OFF MY TAIL.

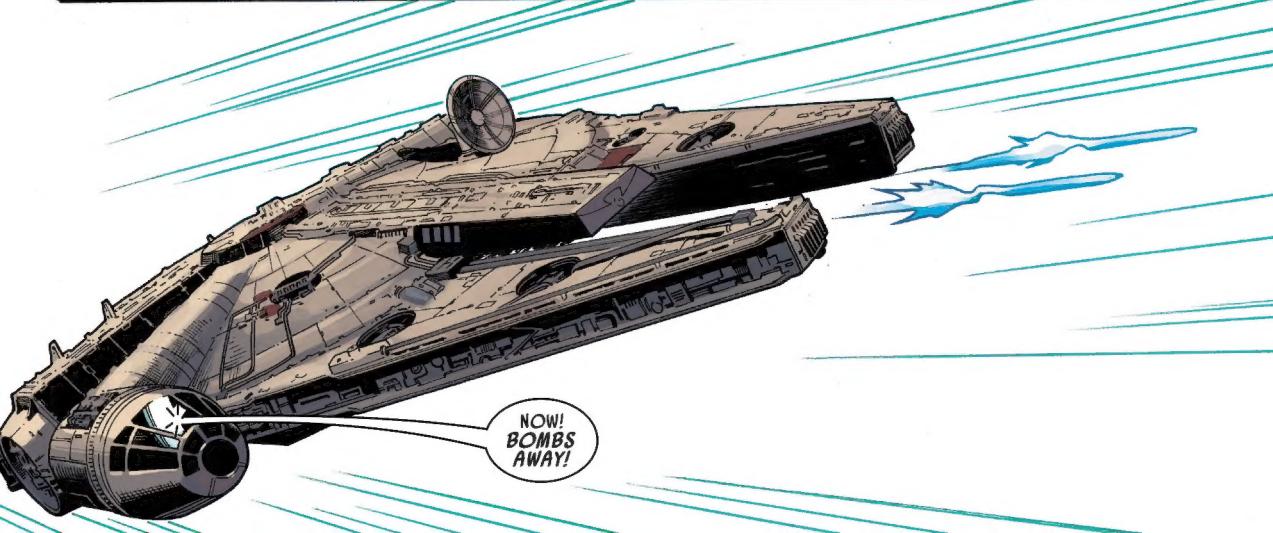


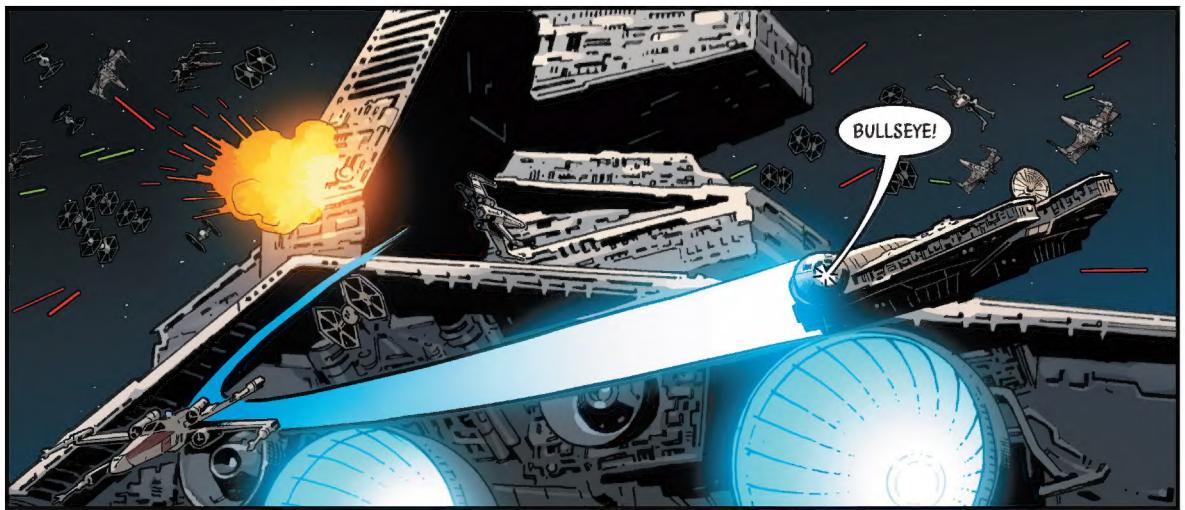






ALL FIGHTERS,
PROTECT THE
FALCON.







I HAVE TO END IT NOW.
ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

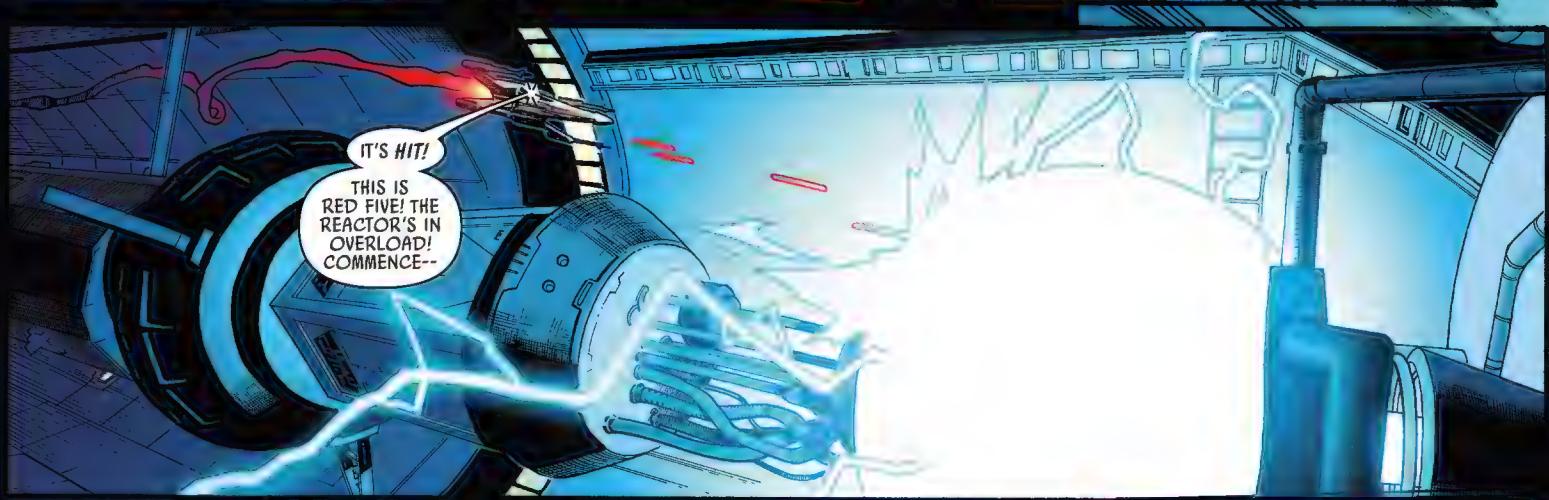
SWITCHING OFF TARGETING COMPUTER.

C'MON, KID,
USE THE FORCE
AND MAKE YOUR
CRAZY, IMPOSSIBLE
SHOT AND LET'S
CALL IT A DAY.

LUKE?

WHY ISN'T
HE FIRING? IT
LOOKS ALMOST
LIKE HE'S GOING
TO FLY RIGHT
INTO...

LUKE!





IT WORKED!
THEY'RE
HIGHTAILING
IT!

RED
SQUADRON,
GET AFTER
THOSE
SHUTTLES.

LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE
UP.

IS IT TOO
LATE TO SAY THIS
IS A TERRIBLE
IDEA?

YES,
IT IS.
I FIGURED
AS MUCH.

THIS IS THE
FALCON. WE'RE
GOING IN.

MAY THE
FORCE BE WITH
YOU, MILLENNIUM
FALCON.

RIGHT.
I'LL TAKE ALL
THE HELP I
CAN GET.



WE MAY
HAVE TO LEAVE
IN A REALLY BIG
HURRY!

THIS
WAY! TO THE
REACTOR
ROOM!









INFORM IMPERIAL COMMAND. TELL THEM THAT...THE HARBINGER HAS REGRETFULLY BEEN LOST.

SIR, IMPERIAL COMMAND HAS ALREADY CONTACTED US. IT'S...

MIGHT I... BORROW YOUR BLASTER FOR A MOMENT?

IT'S LORD VADER, SIR. HE WISHES TO SPEAK TO YOU PERSONALLY.

SIR?

HARBINGER TEAM, COME IN!

IT'S...IT'S GONE. IT'S ALL JUST...

HARBINGER TEAM, CAN YOU READ ME?

LUKE! LEIA!

ANYONE?!?

A WEEK LATER...

THERE'S
NOTHING
HERE.

I KNEW
THIS WAS A
WASTE OF A
MISSION.

REALLY?
BECAUSE YOU'VE
ONLY SAID THAT ABOUT
500 TIMES SINCE WE
LEFT THE BASE.

THE EMPIRE
DOESN'T LOSE FIVE
SHUTTLES IN ONE WEEK,
ALL IN THE SAME SECTOR,
BECAUSE OF SOME
RECORD-KEEPING
ERROR.

WELL, THERE'S
NOTHING ELSE AROUND
HERE, IS THERE? MAYBE
THOSE PILOTS ALL GOT SO
BORED THEY FLEW INTO A
STAR. C'MON, LET'S GET
BACK TO THE FREIGHTER
BEFORE...

WAIT,
YOU SEEING
THIS...?

SOMETHING
ON THE SCANNERS.
SOMETHING
BIG.

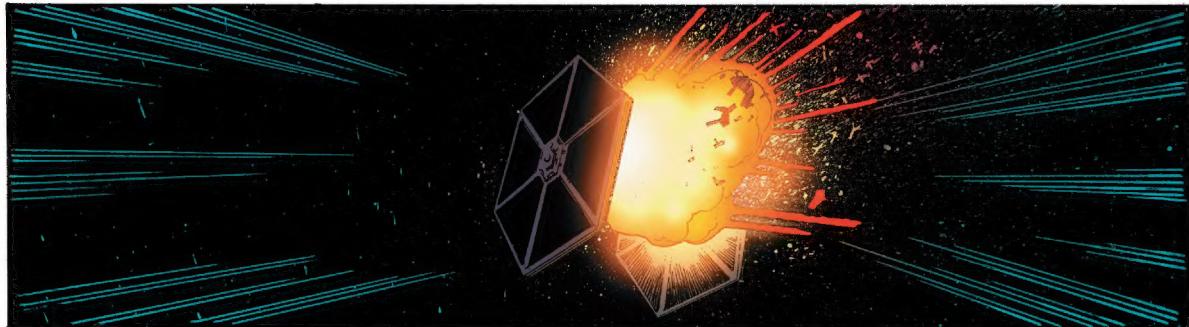
BIG, YEAH,
IT'S...OH, OH
OKAY.

HUH. GUESS
THEY SENT US
REINFORCEMENTS.

THAT THING
LOOKS LIKE IT'S
BEEN THROUGH HELL.
I WONDER
WHERE IT...

LOOK
OUT!

GAAARRRGHH!



GONNA BE HARD TO DO ANY RAMMING WHEN WE'RE RUNNING ON NOTHING BUT THE SECONDARY REACTOR.

HEY, IF YOU HAD A BETTER PLAN FOR STEALING A STAR DESTROYER WITHOUT THE EMPIRE KNOWING WE WERE STEALING IT, YOU SHOULD'VE SPOKEN UP WHEN WE WERE JETTISONING THE MAIN REACTOR INTO SPACE.

BRIDGE TO ENGINE ROOM. CHEWIE, YOU'VE HAD A WEEK. I COULD'VE BUILT A NEW HYPERDRIVE FROM SCRATCH BY NOW.

AT THIS RATE, WE'LL DIE OF OLD AGE BEFORE WE EVER REACH THE--

RRRWWWWWHHH!



WHAT'D HE SAY?

HEH. YOU DON'T WANNA KNOW WHAT HE SAID.

I'VE BEEN TO THE ENGINE ROOM. WE WERE LUCKY TO BE ABLE TO SLIP AWAY WHEN THE REACTOR EXPLODED. BUT THAT FEEDBACK FRIED THE HYPERDRIVE GOOD.

AND WE'VE STILL GOT NO CAPTAIN. STILL NO WORD FROM ADMIRAL VERETTE'S SHUTTLE.

CHEWIE NEEDS HELP. WE'VE GOTTA GET SOMEBODY DOWN THERE TO...

WE DON'T HAVE ANYBODY TO SPARE, OR HAVEN'T YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION?

THIS SHIP USUALLY RUNS WITH A CREW OF THOUSANDS. WE'VE GOT 200 REBELS. NONE OF WHICH HAVE EVER SET FOOT ON A STAR DESTROYER.



"CAPTAIN"? YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE CAPTAIN, SWEETHEART.

WE'RE NOT SMUGGLING SPICE HERE. IF ANYONE'S GOING TO CAPTAIN THIS VESSEL, IT'S GOING TO BE--



GUYS, GUYS.
WE'VE GOT A HALF-DEAD
STOLEN STAR DESTROYER,
A SKELETON CREW TO RUN IT
WITH AND A LOTTA LIGHT-
YEARS TO GO TO GET
TO WHERE WE'RE
GOING.

AND WE ALL
KNOW WHAT'S
WAITING FOR US
ONCE WE GET
THERE.

CHANCES
ARE...THIS IS
THE LAST VOYAGE
OF THE
HARBINGER.

SO LET'S
MAKE IT A
MEMORABLE
ONE.

OH, IT'S
ALREADY
MEMORABLE. FOR
ALL THE WRONG
REASONS.

CHEWIE!
CAN'T THIS
THING GO ANY
FASTER?!

HRRRRWWWWHHH!

STAR WARS®

NEXT ISSUE!

